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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## A Critical Contribution to Beethoven Literature.

Read before the Schiller-Union in Trieste, by ALEXANDER W. THAYER.

(Continued from Page 123.)

He only, whose tedious duty it is to at least look through all the new publications relating to Beethoven, can form any correct notion how numerous are those—from the newspaper article and novelette to the extended biography—in which his brother Johann is made to play a large, lamentable, and often utterly false part. No special criticism of any one of those productions is necessary, for the errors have been repeated in almost all the biographical writings on Beethoven for forty years past, and are now universally accepted as truth.

If what I have to say on the subject, should appear to be an effort to redeem Johann's character, it is not because I cherish any sympathy for him, but, first, for the sake of historic truth, and, secondly,—which is a still stronger motive—for the reputation of Beethoven himself. For if the half of what has been written upon the character of his brother be true, none but an extremely weak and depraved man could have continued to hold such relations to him as Beethoven did through all his last years; and this certainly was not the composer's character.

These writings may be chronologically divided into several groups:

I. That class in which it is taken for granted that, certainly not later than 1802-3, Johann van Beethoven was supplied with funds by Ludwig, to establish himself as an apothecary in Linz; that, he there, through the influence of his brother in the higher circles of Vienna, was enabled to make large and profitable contracts for supplies of medicines to the Austrian armies; that, in consequence of this, he soon became a man of means and was able, in turn, to lend money to Ludwig; and, that, near the end of 1807, he would no longer trust his brother and pressed him rudely and roughly for payment, which, it is argued, is a striking proof of Johann's avarice and ingratitude.

If all this be fact, certainly no fault can be found with this class of writings. But there is not a word of truth in it. Listen:

Until the winter of 1807-8, Johann was employed by an apothecary in Vienna, whose shop stood not far from the Kärnthner-Thor theatre. Industrious and economical in his habits, he had been able to save a few hundred gulden, which he had put in his brother's hands. About this time he learned that the apothecary near the bridge in Linz was dead, and that his business, with his house, etc., was for sale. It seemed to him a good opportunity to establish himself, and, upon inquiry, he found the conditions such, that the purchase was, even with his small means, possible. It was for this, that he now called upon his brother for payment. Ludwig, however, seems to have had small con-

fidence in the project; and, when at length he wrote to his friend Gleichenstein to go to his publisher for 1,500 gulden, and pay Johann out of it—the letter shows how unwillingly and angrily he did it.

Johann's funds were just sufficient to cover the first payment, the expenses of the contract, his removal to Linz and the taking possession. The contract dates from the 13th March, 1808, and on the 20th he entered into possession. The business yielded little more than the daily expenses, and the difficult question how to meet the second and third payments, soon came up. It is somewhere stated, that his old acquaintance in Bonn, Stephen v. Breuning, had stood security for him; but I did not find his name in any of the documents. At all events, Johann did not apply to him, nor did he receive any aid from Vienna. He extricated himself from the dilemma unassisted.

Those were the days when Napoleon undertook to destroy all British trade with the continent, and English tin had risen to an enormous price. The vases and pots on the shelves of the shop were all of massive tin; these Johann sold, and replaced them with others of clay and porcelain. Thus, and by the sale of the richly ornamented iron cross bars of the windows, he was able to meet his engagements this first year. In the Spring of 1809, a French army moved down the Danube. Johann, in his youth, had served for a time in the French hospital at Bonn; he knew the French language; his shop was hard by the river; naturally the French commissaries applied to him, and he made with them such profitable contracts for supplies of medicines, as relieved him from present difficulties and laid the foundation of his future prosperity.

These simple facts and dates, which I obtained sixteen years ago in Linz and Urfahr—and which were as accessible to any other person as to myself—demolish at a blow the entire novelistic structure.

II. Whoever knows Schindler's book on Beethoven, will remember that, to characterize Johann's relations to his brother, he calls him "the evil principle" in the composer's life.

That which only now and then at long intervals exerts an influence, certainly cannot be called the "evil principle" in a man's life—and this expression can only mean a pretty constant and continued influence on Beethoven and his affairs. Schindler surely meant this; all his copyists have so understood him, and Johann is everywhere described as such an "evil principle."

As to this "constant" influence, the fact is quite the contrary; and I believe I can offer the following—the result of repeated examination—as being the truth. In all documents, letters and conversations,—indeed in all the sources of information upon the years 1808 to the Spring of 1822, inclusive—full fourteen years—with a single exception—nowhere does the

name of Johann appear, as one in any manner or form having any connection with his brother's affairs; and in the exceptional case, it is not Johann that meddles with Ludwig's business, but Ludwig that interferes in Johann's private concerns. This fact alone is sufficient to awaken doubt, whether hitherto the true relations between the brothers have been understood. Let us spend a moment on this exceptional case. Johann v. Beethoven was unmarried; and, as his house was rather spacious, he retained two or three rooms only for himself, and let the rest to a physician from Vienna, whose wife brought a sister with her. That this sister had become a mother in Vienna was of course kept secret. After a time Johann took the girl as companion and housekeeper. One of Beethoven's memoranda is this:

"1812, I was in Linz on account of B."

That "B" here stands for "Brother" is obvious. This and other circumstances confirm what was told me in Linz as fact, namely: that Beethoven, who had passed the summer in Teplitz, Carlsbad, etc., had been falsely told that Johann proposed to marry this girl, and hastened to Linz to prevent such a connection. So much is certain: he disappeared from Teplitz about the end of September, and appears again in Linz, October 5. Johann gave him the pleasantest room in the house, a corner chamber, cheerful and sunny, with a view upon the river, the landing-place, and the mountainous country beyond. In this chamber and during his wanderings on the neighboring hills Beethoven composed his delightful 8th Symphony.

It must not be forgotten, that Johann now is a man of thirty-five years, and that for four and one-half years, entirely by his own enterprise, he has been established in profitable business; that his brother is with him as a guest, and can therefore leave the house at any moment when dissatisfied. If now the composer had exerted all his influence as a man and as a brother—confining himself within this limit—to put an end to Johann's immoral relations to the girl—no one, not Johann himself, could have taken it ill. But he went farther. He had taken it into his head that the girl must be removed; and as he could not effect this by gentle means, he applied to the Bishop and to the civil authorities. He succeeded at last in obtaining an order from the police, that, if found in Linz on a certain day in November, she should be arrested and forwarded, as a vagabond, to Vienna!

Johann was beside himself with rage, and a scene ensued between the brothers, over which I draw the veil. The apothecary, however, still held the leading trump in his hand; should he play it, he would win, but the consequences would reach throughout his life. His wrath and the tears of the girl decided him. He played his trump! In the register of the city parish of Linz one may read, that on the 8th of November, 1812, Johann v. Beethoven and

Therese Obermeyer—were married. His wife they could not tear from him! On the 9th, Beethoven departed from Linz with the bitter consciousness, that from his own lack of patience, prudence and moderation, the mistress was elevated to the position of his sister-in-law. We will not envy him his feelings.

III. Whoever is acquainted, however superficially, with the novelistic and biographic literature upon Beethoven, knows what stress is laid upon the supposed fact that Johann v. Beethoven was in his brother's last years really his "evil principle." The main charges against him are these: Officious meddling in Beethoven's business matters; a constant striving to rule him; and continually renewed efforts to induce him to live in his house, if not in his family, not only in the city, but, in summer, in the country—and this, for no other object than to enable him to make his brother's genius a source of pecuniary profit to himself. All this has its origin in Schindler's writings, who honestly believed it, no doubt; but much has become known, which was sealed to the young Schindler and throws new light upon the relations between the brothers.

Let us rest a moment upon the Apothecary, to see how things have gone with him in these fourteen years.

On the 30th December, 1816, he sold his business and house in Linz, and soon after established himself again in Urfahr, on the opposite side of the river. In August, 1819, he found himself able to purchase a pleasant and valuable estate called "Wasserhof," adjoining the village of Gneixendorf, near Krems; so he became "Land proprietor" *Gutbesitzer*; and as such, was able once more to pass his winters in Vienna. He took lodgings, therefore, in the first story of a house at the corner of the Koth and Pfarr Streets in the suburb Windmühl, belonging to his brother-in-law Baker-master Obermeyer, where, in the Spring of 1822, we find him.

Meantime he had learned, that a daughter of his wife, born January 30, 1807, Amalie Waldmann by name, was still living in Vienna, and, as he had now abandoned all hope of offspring of his own, he had, a few years since, adopted her.

And now to the alleged "officious meddling in his brother's affairs"—which has never yet been proved, and, it is very doubtful whether it ever will be.

The deaf, fretful, suspicious Beethoven had really at this time nobody—like in former years Gleichenstein, Breuning, his brother Carl and others, who could aid him in the sale of new works and like matters. He had a high opinion of Johann's qualities as a man of business; for certainly he had succeeded in his doubtful enterprises at Linz and Urfahr; and the still more doubtful purchase of Wasserhof might already be counted a lucky one. It could not be otherwise than gratifying to the composer to have his only brother, after more than fifteen years, again near him. And to whom should he go, if not to this brother, for advice and assistance? One sees *a priori*, that the charges on this point against Johann are, to say the least, exaggerated; to go on, and show in full that they are ungrounded, would lead us too far. Let us turn then to the alleged sel-

fish, unceasing efforts of Johann to force his brother to live with him—in discussing which no small light will be thrown upon the point just noticed.

The passage in Schindler's book, which has been often copied by other writers, runs thus:

"Beethoven was quartered (Autumn of 1822), by means of his brother Johann, in a dark lodging, fit at best for a shoemaker, and which, because it was cheap, was considered suitable for the 'brain-owner.' \* \* \* This was a miserable abode for Beethoven, who had been accustomed to something so very different; and the winter of 1822-23 might, owing to this fatal situation of the great composer, furnish plenty of matter for tales and humorous pieces." \*

The bare circumstance, that Beethoven took this lodging at the instigation of his brother, is true; but Schindler wrote under the influence of feelings of hatred and contempt for Johann, that rendered him almost incapable of treating him with justice. It is possible also that the other circumstances—if they were ever known to him—had passed out of his memory in the long interval of eighteen years. Besides, it is certain that he never saw certain letters of the composer to his brother. It is obvious, therefore, how easily he, with the best intentions to write nothing but the truth, may have put the facts in a false light;—and this is really the case.

Of the mass of conversation-books,† and papers, which Hofrath v. Breuning, after the death of Beethoven, transferred to Schindler, the latter in the lapse of years destroyed more than half; but among those that escaped, is one, which contains the very first known notice of a meeting of the brothers after Johann's return to Vienna. The nephew Carl was also present. It appears clearly from the conversation, that Beethoven had given up his quarters in the Landstrasse suburb (in the Spring of 1822) without having first secured his summer lodging in the country; and thus found himself in a dilemma. In course of the conversation Johann comes to his assistance, with the offer of the two rooms in his house, occupied by his pseudo daughter, for a few days—until he finds new quarters—and proposes to him to come after dinner and see them. Beethoven went. This is proved by the appearance, soon after, of the hand of Johann's wife in the book. She writes very politely—finds little personal resemblance between him and her husband, except in their eyes,—and invites him to pay them a summer visit in Wasserhof, where, she says, the view is beautiful and the air excellent.

Johann takes the pencil, and writes:

"Rossini just met me, and greeted me very friendly; he wishes greatly to speak with you. If he had known that you were here, he would have come with me," and so on.

Johann had now been married nine and one-half years. Is it not obvious from the words written by his wife, that Beethoven now saw her, that is as sister-in-law, for the first time? It does not appear that he needed the two rooms, and apparently he removed at once to Ober-Döbling, a village just north of the city.

\* This passage is given in the bad translation of Moscheles' Schindler, as being known to many of our readers.—Ed.

† In which people wrote, after Beethoven could no longer hear them speak.—Ed.

Thence he wrote to Johann this remarkable letter:

I hoped surely to see you—but in vain. By order of Dr. Staudenheimer I must still continue to take medicine, and must not take too much exercise. I beg you, instead of driving in the Prater, to take your way to me with your wife and daughter. I desire nothing, but that the advantages—which are certain—of our living together, may be attained without fail. I have made inquiry concerning lodgings; there are suitable ones enough, and you would have to pay but little more than hitherto. As a matter of economy, what a saving for both parties, not to speak of the enjoyment!

I have nothing against your wife; I wish only, that she would perceive, how much your own welfare would gain by being with me, and that the little, miserable troubles of life produce no serious differences.

Now, farewell. I hope surely to see you this afternoon, when we will all drive to Nussdorf, which would be of benefit to me.

Thy faithful brother,

LUDWIG.

#### —Postscript.

Peace, peace, be with us. God grant that the natural bonds of brotherhood between us be not again unnaturally sundered! At all events, my life may not last much longer. I say again that I have nothing against your wife, although her demeanor towards me on a few occasions has greatly struck me; but then I am in the highest degree sensitive and irritable, owing to my three and one-half months of sickness. Away with everything that does not promote the grand object; so that I and my good Carl can enter upon a regular domestic life, which for me is especially needful. Just look through my lodging here, and you will see the consequences—how matters go, because I, when I am more than usually sick, must put myself into the hands of strangers—not to mention other things upon which we have already spoken. In case you come to-day, you can bring Carl too; and so I inclose this open note to Herr v. Blöchlinger,\* which you can send to him immediately."

Now, I ask, which of the brothers made the proposition that they should live together? On the 26th July, Ludwig wrote again to Johann, who was with his family in Wasserhof for the Summer. The letter contains an urgent request for Johann to come to Vienna, to aid his brother in the sale of works, etc.—Johann, however, could not leave his agriculture, and came not. The letter ends thus:

"Greet your family for me. If I was not forced to go to Baden,† I should certainly come to you next month; but it can't be helped; if you can, pray come. It would be of great assistance—write immediately," etc.

On the 31st July, he writes again, that Peters, the Leipzig publisher, has offered 1500 gulden for the Mass, and other sums for other works, and has sent him a draft in advance for 300 gulden. I copy a few lines:

"Throughout the eagerness of the man for my works is visible; but I do not wish to put myself in a false position, and I should take it as a favor, if you will write whether you can spare me something, so that I may not be hindered in going betimes to Baden, where I must remain at least a month. You see there is no uncertainty in this; and you shall also in September receive the 200 gulden again with thanks."

\* Master and proprietor of a private school in which Beethoven's nephew Carl was then a pupil.

† A place of Sulphur Springs about twenty miles from Vienna.



Farther on:

"If you were here, the matter would soon be settled. \* \* If you could only come and go with me for eight days to Baden, that would be just the thing. \* \* Put your kitchen and cellar into best condition, for, probably, I and my boy shall establish our head-quarters with you, and we have formed the grand project of completely eating you up. Of course only September is meant. Now farewell, best Brotherkin! Read the Gospel daily, take to heart the Epistles of Peter and Paul, journey to Rome, and kiss the Pope's slipper. Greet your family heartily," etc., etc.

In August, he writes two more letters on the same subject—and yet, Johann came not. Now, how does all this tally with the alleged "official meddling?"

In the letter of 26th July, Beethoven communicates to his brother his consent to accept the lodging in Obermeyer's house, in these terms:

"As to the lodging, since it is taken, let it be so; but whether it be suited to me, is the question—the chambers look out upon the garden—and just now, garden-air is the most deleterious for me; besides, my entrance is through the kitchen, which is very unpleasant and intolerable. And now I must pay for a whole quarter for nothing; as an offset, we, Carl and myself, if possible, will join you in Krems and live high until this money is made up again."

In later letters he informs his brother, that the necessity of taking the sulphur baths at Baden, and an order for music for the opening of the Josephstadt Theater, prevented him from making the proposed visit to Wasserhof.

That Beethoven was never satisfied with his lodgings, that he was constantly changing them, and always quarreling with his landlords, is well known. Schindler gives instances enough of this. Johann was different; he had settled himself in the house of his wife's brother, and, so far as I know, remained there so long as she lived. What Ludwig wanted was, that Johann should break this family connexion, and abandon these quarters, in order to try the very doubtful experiment, whether he, his brother, his nephew, and Johann's wife and daughter could live in peace under one roof.

Adjoining Johann's lodging, in the same house, there were vacant apartments, and he doubtless reasoned thus: why should not Ludwig, if determined to try this experiment, take them for one year? If it turned out well, he could change his dwelling as well later as now. If his Brother would come to him there, good; if not, also good. He must pay *some* regard to his wife's wishes. And so it came about, that Beethoven with Schindler, in October, 1822, moved into the lodging, which the latter describes as at best good for a shoemaker.

There is an anecdote, belonging to this winter, related by Schindler, the foundation of a great mass of malicious and contemptuous matter printed against Johann v. Beethoven, and a good instance of how everything relating to him is interpreted to his disadvantage.

In those days, it was not only the universal custom, but a decent self-respect demanded, that every man should place his social rank and position upon his visiting cards. For three and one-half years Johann was no longer "Apothecary at Linz," but "Land Proprietor" (*Gut-*

*besitzer*), and so it stood upon his card. On New Year's day, 1823, Beethoven, his nephew, and Schindler, sat at dinner. Johann sent in his servant with his card and the usual greetings. The composer was in good humor, turned the card, wrote on the back: "Ludwig von Beethoven, Brain-owner," and sent it back.

It was an ordinary friendly and fraternal attention on the part of Johann, and a good-natured joke on the part of Ludwig. That is the whole of it. Everything else about it, which one reads in a hundred publications, is invention and usually slander.

Johann has even been made the subject of boundless ridicule on account of his horses! Why, I cannot see. Horses he must have in his agricultural operations, and—when he removed with his family in Autumn to Vienna—should he send the animals back to Wasserhof just to eat his hay the winter through?

That the experiment of living together in one house had no good results—as was to be expected—is well known, and Johann's refusal to move out of his lodging to try it, is fully justified.

A note of that time, the subject of which is not known, may find room here:

"DEAR BROTHER! I pray you to visit me this forenoon, as I must have a talk with you. Why this behavior? Whither will it lead? I have nothing against you, I throw no blame upon you in the matter of the lodging. Your will was good, and it was my own wish, that we should be nearer together. But now, on all sides, in this house, all is bad, and you will know nothing of it; what can one say?

What unkind behavior, now that I have fallen into so great a dilemma. I pray you again, come to me this forenoon, that we may talk over what is necessary to be done. Do not let bonds be sundered, which can only be for the advantage of us both—and for what? For causes worthy only of contempt! I embrace you from my heart, and am, as ever,

Thy faithful brother,

LUDWIG."

That afterwards the business assumed a totally different aspect in Beethoven's fancy, that he then threw the whole blame in the matter of the lodging upon Johann, and oft-times expressed his resentment both in letters and conversation—that was only—Beethovenish.

[To be Continued.]

### A Word for the Orchestra.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

It may be interesting to your readers who take pleasure in the opera in Boston, and who have heard the magnificent renderings of the different rôles by Mme. Pappenheim and Mr. Adams, during the short season just closed, to become acquainted with the position of the orchestra in regard to opera as it is given in our city.

So much has been daily said of the inefficiency of the orchestra,—and in some of the notices it has been stigmatized as careless, incapable, in fact all but disgracing itself,—that probably a few words relating to the subject, from one intimately acquainted with it, may be acceptable.

Included amongst the forces gathered together during the past fortnight, were many of our best local instrumentalists, some of whom are prominently known, and all do good service in our concerts, and also the whole of the regular Boston Theatre orchestra, which is acknowledged to rank well with similar organizations. Therefore, the above censures apply to them as well as to the entire operatic orchestra, and whilst I do not seek undue sympathy for the performers, or assert that their per-

formances were up to the right standard, collectively, I desire to say that there are many elements that aid, if they do not actually cause, the mediocre renderings we have lately heard, and which will ever remain until the present system is revolutionized, and we Americans create the supply by making the demand that we shall have complete opera in this country, and no longer rest satisfied that the glory of the grandest musical representation should be centred in the persons of one or two singers only.

It is certain that few people understand how much is required of the orchestra in the interpretation of its portion of the work, how important its duties are, and how slight the opportunities are for its members to become even moderately acquainted, at the morning's rehearsal, with the opera to be performed at night. The alterations made by each singer, according to his or her ideas, the frequent and sudden transposition of the key at sight, some portions to be left out, etc.; all of which and a great deal more, has to be clutched at, understood, in one short incomplete rehearsal, and, sometimes, without any rehearsal at all. If, therefore, opera goers had a better insight into these matters they might have possibly other words than "careless," "stupid," to apply to the orchestra when it plays too loud, is not well balanced, or seems slow in responding to the conductor's baton.

A rehearsal is called and promptly attended, and lasts two or three hours. This meeting involves the running through of one, and not unfrequently two, operas. The principal singers are rarely present. The conductor hums through soprano, contralto, tenor and bass songs, recitatives, as best he can, often without the remotest approach to a voice, and from this burlesqued preparation the orchestra has to gather an idea of the requisite light and shade, the reading the artistes will give at the evening's performance, when they take all the liberties with tempo and expression to which they are undoubtedly entitled; and it may be imagined the result is not a little different, and the task not an easy one, for the orchestra to follow and accompany them under such circumstances, without seriously marring the effect.

The copies are all manuscript, and often full of errors, and are mostly hired from musical libraries from year to year by the different companies travelling; they are replete with pencil marks (each company making its own alterations and failing to erase those previously made) to designate the "cuts" (portions to be omitted); and, as all singers make some deviation from the original score, the almost incomprehensible appearance of the pages, as they have been corrected and re-corrected, presents a view that sometimes baffles the strongest nerve to decide which of the "cuts" holds good, as the player comes suddenly upon them, and not unfrequently adopts the wrong one, leaving him little or no chance to think of anything more elevating in his work than keeping on the right track.

The company includes a few (about fifteen) instrumentalists, who form the whole of the orchestra in small towns, and when their numbers are augmented, they are of great service in helping the remainder to pilot their way through the labyrinth of "cuts," etc.; but their aid cannot take the place of complete rehearsals, when the combined forces amount to nearly forty men.

Singers study for months the rôles they propose adopting, before appearing on the stage; whereas operatic orchestras (as conducted here) have to appreciate and perform their work with the imperfect preparation I have briefly described, which in reality is no preparation, when the high character of the operas attempted is taken into consideration, and it is remembered that the instrumentation of modern operas is far more difficult than the vocal portion.

Fair and even creditable performances of the easier and more familiar operas, such as "Trovatore," "Bohemian Girl" and others, may be obtained with such little preparation; but such a result is absurd to hope for, even, when "Fidelio," "Faust," "Lohengrin," are grappled with. Then, indeed, the symphonic effect is not, cannot be reached; and more particularly with Wagner's works, as he no longer uses the instruments as an accompaniment, but brings singers, chorus and orchestra into such close relationship that all must be equally well up in their respective departments to arrive at the magnificence and poetry of his great conceptions.

I have shown that imperfect rehearsing is one great drawback to even respectable operatic renderings in this city, and how the orchestra is affected

by the defective system; let some abler pen point out a remedy for an untuneful chorus, and how to procure one that has an approach to vitality, and we may, perhaps, be nearing the day when opera in all its nobleness and grandeur shall be witnessed on our stage. Why not?

Respectfully yours,  
C. N. ALLEN.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Concerning Touch in Piano-Playing.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Having lately had occasion to investigate anew the subject of "touch" for the piano, I trust I may be excused for offering here the conclusions to which I have been led.

It is well known, to those who have given the matter attention, that not only is a bad touch common among ordinary players but even celebrated pianists differ very much in this respect, many of them having an absolutely unmusical touch. Your correspondent from Ripon seems to have referred chiefly to the *legato* as the point wherein the average pupil is likely to be faulty. Yet, grievous as are their shortcomings in this respect, they are equally defective in any power of coloring the touch, or adapting it to the expression of musical phrases. The two great deficiencies in piano-playing, as you find it among amateurs throughout the country, are in respect to accent and phrasing, both of which belong to touch. The instruction books have all failed to analyze touch. They have contented themselves by describing and depicting the position of the hands before and after the touch, and as it respects finger touch have confined themselves to one variety out of several useful ones. The finger touch all the instruction-books seem to have in mind is that used in playing five-finger exercises rapidly. This is a valid and useful touch, and forms an important part of good practice. Mason and Hoadley have gone farther and described the finger staccato, and the staccato touch for chords. But the pith of it seems to me to have been over-looked by all.

Touch consists of two elements, the *attack* (or the force by which the key is struck), and the *clinging-pressure*, (or the force by which the key is held down). According as the attack is made by the finger, the hand, or the arm, we speak of finger-touch, hand-touch, etc.

The first thing for a pupil to learn about touch is the clinging pressure. Unconsciousness of this element of touch lies at the foundation of all the bad *legato*, the universal fault of the pupils of average teachers. Pupils who begin by playing on the organ, necessarily acquire this element of touch. When they afterwards go to the piano, their playing is smooth. Their fault is insipidity, resulting from want of accent and adequate force of attack. The best school of touch I have ever found is that of Dr. Wm. Mason. His exercise for securing the clinging touch on the piano, is nothing else than that so well known to all organ teachers:

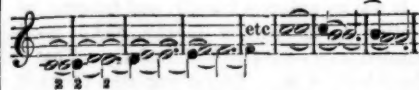
3rd way, 3, 4-3, 4-3,  
2nd way, 2, 3-2, 3-2,  
R.H. 1st way, 1, 2-1, 2-1.



L. H. similarly, up and down an octave with each pair of fingers in turn. The vertical angle is a *tensio* mark; the horizontal angle, an accent. It is never difficult to teach this exercise to a beginner. A pupil who has become confirmed in a *non-legato* touch will sometimes entirely fail of this exercise, in spite of the utmost care on the part of the teacher. Before I knew this exercise and the expedients that follow, I have sometimes been obliged to con-

sume a whole term before establishing a suitable *legato* in the case of some unusually bad pupil. In aggravated cases Dr. Mason has had recourse to the expedient of prolonging the first tone one beat after the second is taken, making in effect two voices, as thus:

R.H. 2, 3-2, 3-2, 3-2, 3, 2-3, 3-3.



This, of course, is an expedient which, if too much persisted in, would lead to a sluggish and slovenly touch.

Another of his exercises, equally good in its way, is one founded on broken thirds:



In this exercise the two voices are not absolutely *legato*; they are to be made as nearly so as possible when playing each with the same finger throughout. The direction to the pupil is that two keys are to be held down at a time throughout this exercise, except during the slight interval of time requisite to move a finger from one key to the next without raising it any higher than necessary to effect such a removal.

The great point in overcoming this bad habit in pupils is to awaken their consciousness of the clinging pressure. At first they will fall back immediately into their old way as soon as away from the teacher. After a little they will play right when they play with one hand alone, and after some time longer with both hands. For some time they will not use the clinging pressure except when looking at their hand. I say "hand," because I do not remember to have seen this faulty staccato except in the right hand. It arises from ignorance, and from attempting to play pieces before a real finger-touch has been established.

Unquestionably the most powerful exercise for strengthening the fingers is what is known as "Mason's slow two-finger exercise." I call it the "elastic touch exercise," to distinguish it from Ex. 1, which is a slow two-finger exercise for "clinging" touch. I have formerly described this exercise in this Journal. It is written:

2nd way, 3-4, 3-4, 4-3,  
1st way, 2-3, 2-3, 3-2.



and is applied to each pair of fingers in turn. The first tone is played firmly with the clinging touch. The finger which plays the second tone, is to be extended entirely straight (horizontal) while the first key is being held. The second tone is produced by violently shutting the finger so that the point of it touches the palm of the hand. The tones are to be perfectly connected, and the closest watchfulness on the part of the teacher is necessary in this respect. The second touch is an extreme staccato, and, when properly played, the wrist must be held so loosely that the hand will rebound upwards from the key slightly in consequence of the vigor with which the touch is made in shutting the hand. This rebound of the hand (which takes place without moving the elbow or forearm in the slightest) is an essential part of the touch, since it certifies to the looseness of the wrist. Teachers who may be unfamil-

iliar with this touch may try it first by extending the whole hand horizontally about two inches above the keys, and then violently shutting the hand in such a way that the middle finger strikes a key in passing. If the hand is shut very spitefully, the key will be struck forcibly; and if the wrist is loose, the hand will rebound upwards slightly. This touch is then to be applied to the second tone in No. 4 above. I am thus particular in describing this touch because it is really the most elementary motion of the fingers, a fact that technicians seem ignorant of. It is nothing more nor less than a complete abandonment of the fingers to the action of the flexor muscles. The five-finger motion of the finger on the metacarpal joint is effected by the flexor muscles also, but the movement is localized to that one joint by the opposition of the extensor muscles. The flexors bend all the joints of the fingers and finally the wrist. Their action is restricted to some one joint by opposition of the extensor muscles at other places. Pianists have played five-finger exercises so long that almost all of them suppose the movement of the finger at the metacarpal joint an elementary one. A little anatomical knowledge would show that this is not the case.

It is necessary that the pupil be taught three other touches as soon as possible. They are (1) a *light legato*, which is merely a milder form of the clinging touch, (the pressure being very slight), and two *mid staccatos*; one of them is made by moving the finger at the second joint, the other by raising the finger vertically from the key. The latter is the staccato commonly taught by strict teachers who build more or less closely on Plaidy's system. The former staccato is the "finger staccato" described in Mason and Hoadley's books. All *legato* touches have a clinging pressure which is transferred from one key to the next. All staccatos consist of attack only. The touch that I suppose to be commonly meant by a combination of slur and dots, is produced by maintaining the clinging-pressure through three-quarters of the apparent duration of the notes so marked.

A very important point remains to be noticed, namely the force of the attack and the clinging pressure. In order to ascertain this point with some definiteness, I once made some experiments in the manner following. Taking a platform balance, such as have a revolving index, ("counter" scales) and placing it near the piano, I played certain passages on the key-board and then with as nearly as possible the same force performed the same motions on the scale-platform. Other persons assisted in this. Thus we found that a young girl with rather a soft and undeveloped touch played the slow two-finger exercise with about four pounds attack and two pounds clinging pressure. Dr. Mason was kind enough to lend himself to the amusement. And the touch which he used, and which brought out a very broad sonorous tone, without in any way "forcing" the grand piano, was about twelve pounds, and the clinging pressure ten pounds! Of course the heavy pressure does not assist the tone. Its only value is in strengthening the hand and in keeping it in a state favorable to the proper exercise of great force. On the other hand, Mason was able to play scales rapidly and softly with an attack of not more than an ounce or an ounce and a half, and a pressure of about half an ounce less. Into such a passage he neatly dropped accents of four pounds without disturbing the adjacent *pianissimo*. I have no doubt that such pianists as Mills, Mason, Rivé-King, and Sherwood, in doing what they call "slow practice" on scales or pieces, use habitually a finger attack of eight or ten pounds, and a clinging pressure about two pounds less. It is thus that they lay the foundation for the brilliant *tours de force* that please us



in the concert room. Whoever has heard Sherwood play the Handel fugue in E minor, has heard him deliver the three opening tones of the subject with an elastic touch of from twelve to fourteen pounds. Such a degree of power is, of course, for artists and the concert-room only. Nevertheless the current teaching is altogether too oblivious of the degree of power it takes to play the piano effectively.

The use of names for different touches subserves convenience in teaching. Melodies are played with the clinging touch, except the terminal tones of phrases which are commonly "elastic." Accompaniments are generally played with the plain legato or mild staccato.

Anything helps, provided it leads to competent accent and good phrasing.

It is of course to be understood that Dr. Mason is in no way responsible for this cursory and necessarily very imperfect description of his school of touch. It is written for those to whom it may be useful or suggestive.

### The Rive-King Testimonial Concert.

The Chicago *Tribune*, of Nov. 13, has the following glowing record of the testimonial concert given in that city to this admired pianist of the West.

The programme, which was compiled after infinite labor, demanded for its performance first-class talent, and that talent was forthcoming. What an array! That modest, unpretentious, and yet unrivalled little soprano, Miss Thursby, who stands to-day as the best representative in all respects of the lyric stage of America; that almost phenomenal-voiced contralto, Miss Drasdil; Mr. Whitney, the smoothest and best cultured basso in the country; Mrs. Kempton, an artist who has gathered many laurels in opera and oratorio; Mme. Rivé-King, the most powerful and brilliant of American pianists; a delegation from the thoroughly-drilled Apollo Club, led by their conductor, Mr. Tomlins; the Madrigal Club, who have reached a high degree of perfection in the performance of old English music; and Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, the well-known pianist and conductor. The array of artists was received by an audience worthy of the occasion. Every available foot of space in the hall was filled, the number present probably being over 2,500, and if there had been more room there would have been more people, so great has been the demand for seats. The programme does not call for special notice. With the exception of the "Rhapsody," played by Mrs. King and Mr. Wolfsohn, there was nothing specially new, but the numbers were those in which the artists have hitherto made great successes, and were all of pleasing character and judiciously chosen for a great popular concert, as this really was.

The concert, as a whole, fortunately calls for very little criticism. The more gratifying duty remains to record successes and the enthusiastic receptions accorded to the artists by a very impartial audience. Miss Thursby, of course, was a special favorite, and in her reception there seemed to be a recognition of her as a purely American artist. It is one of the most gratifying features of her success that she has made it by staying at home. She has had no European reputation to hold her up, no advance agents to blow her trumpets, no emotion letter-writers to herald her coming with appeals to popular curiosity and gossip. She has won her place legitimately, and holds it without ostentation. To enumerate the qualities which combine to make Miss Thursby's singing so remarkably attractive seems almost superfluous, and still she is not yet so thoroughly acquainted with Western audiences but that it may be done. Besides the remarkable purity of her voice, her technique, which, though not as facile or surprising as that of some other artists, is still excellent, her compass and truthfulness of tone, there remain one or two other qualities which distinguish her from many other prominent singers, and play an important part in commending her to the hearer. The first of these is an inherent refinement which displays itself in her presence and manner on the stage, in her quality of tone, and in her manner of vocalization. There is an utter absence of the sensational, the meretricious, or the affected, as well as of inordinate striving for effects. Second, out of this very quality grows the feeling of perfect

repose which lies at the very basis of true art. Third, there is a sympathetic quality to her voice, which makes a strong individual appeal to the hearer, and tells more strongly upon the popular heart even than the most perfect methods of the schools. She was received with the heartiest applause, and sang for her numbers the Barcarole from "The Star of the North," Eckert's familiar "Swiss Song," in both of which her trills and clear staccatos were specially noticeable, and the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with Mr. Lewis' violin obligato and an undertone vocal accompaniment by the Apollo Club. The first two were encored, and in answer she sang two ballads, "I Love My Love" and a Bird Song, deliciously.

Miss Drasdil sang the familiar "Che farò senza Eurydice" from Gluck's "Orpheus," which Miss Cary has sung here so often, and the *brindisi* from "Lucrezia Borgia." Her first effort did not seem to thoroughly rouse the audience, but in the Drinking Song her superb tone and the intensity of her method fairly roused them with a storm of applause and a most persistent demand for an encore, to which she replied with a Bohemian folk-song, sung to her own accompaniment and with infinite tenderness. It is a charm to listen to a real alto who has not a suspicion of mezzo-soprano in her voice, and who can develop a tone of such magnificent 'cello-like quality. At this late day, in Mr. Whitney's many visits here, it would be superfluous to enter into an analysis of his singing. His numbers were Handel's majestic aria "Honor and Arms," and Halle's ballad, "The Sailor's Dream." His superb singing of the former brought him an enthusiastic encore, for which he sang Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," very dramatically. We question, however, whether he would not have improved it by taking the Marseillaise in the finale in a quicker and more spirited tempo. Mme. Rivé-King, the beneficiary of the occasion, received an enthusiastic and long-continued welcome. Her numbers were the Nocturne in G minor, the Berceuse, and the Valse in A flat of Chopin, and the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody, Mr. Wolfsohn taking the orchestral part on the second piano. We have many times recorded our estimate of Mme. King's playing, and we see no reason to change it or to refuse to accord her the first place among American pianists. In such numbers as the Liszt Rhapsody, requiring immense power, brilliancy, and dash of execution, she stands almost without a rival. Her playing last evening was not only incomparable in this respect, but it developed even more of feeling, tenderness, and poetic sentiment than we have ever observed before. Even with Essipoff still in our remembrance, the best living interpreter of Chopin, [?] we still affirm she can play Chopin and play his music with admirable sentiment and delicacy of feeling. As an encore she gave the Perpetuum Mobile, from one of Weber's sonatas, in a very brilliant manner. Her reception was an ovation, and her playing was a genuine triumph. Mrs. Jenny Kempton, although a new-comer here, has long been associated with the lyric stage. It was a trying position to make a debut after another contralto, and that contralto Miss Drasdil, but she was warmly received, and sang her number, the aria "Più possenti" from Rossi's "Amelia," which has never been given here before, in a manner that stamps her as an excellent, painstaking artist, with an admirable method. Her voice in some parts of her registers is slightly worn, but her style is broad and dignified. She received a hearty encore, to which she replied with Miss Hodges' rather lugubrious "Rosebush," which is pathetically monotonous. The Apollo Club and Madrigal Club added much to the eclat of the concert with their fine singing, and the latter obtained an encore. Mr. Wolfsohn is also to receive credit for the careful and skilful manner in which he gave the accompaniment to the Rhapsody, and Mr. Baird for his accompaniments to the voices. In all respects, from the dainty and elegant fan programmes up to the efforts of the artists, the concert was a great success and a graceful tribute to Mme. King.

LEIPZIG, OCT. 19. The musical event of the week was the concert (the first of a series of three) given by the "Florentiner Quartett-Verein," in the Hall of the Gewandhaus. The Quartette consists of Jean Becker, violin primo; Enrico Masi, violino secondo; Luigi Chiostrì, viola, and L. Heygesi, violoncello. Their programme—Haydn, G Major, Op. 54, No. 2; Mozart, F Major, and Beethoven, E Minor, Op. 59, No. 2—was superbly rendered. One cannot conceive of more perfect quartet playing; the merely mechanical difficulties they overcame with the

utmost ease, and the unity of feeling with which they enter into the spirit and style of the different compositions is simply wonderful. The audience was large, and as appreciative and demonstrative as large. In connection with these concerts it is to be regretted that many of the Americans and English at present visiting here will be hindered from enjoying these singular performances, from the fact that they are all announced to be given on Sunday evenings.

On the following Tuesday the Euterpe Concert Society ushered in its concert, (the first of a series of ten,) offering the following programme:

Overture, C major, No. 2.....	Beethoven
Concerto, F minor.....	Chopin
Symphony, D minor, No. 4.....	Schumann
Piano Solos:—	
Polonaise.....	Beethoven
Miniatures.....	Rubinstein
Rhapsodie, No. 4.....	Liszt
Fragment of Wallenstein Symphony.....	Rheinberger

The Euterpe Orchestra has several disadvantages to contend with, the principal ones being: deficient representatives of the wind instruments; a hall, the acoustic properties of which are not perfect, and the fact that the leadership is constantly undergoing changes. Notwithstanding this, the concerts are far from being unenjoyable and occasionally they take a flight high above mediocrity, up to the very threshold of perfection; this may be said of the concert last Tuesday. The noble Schumann symphony was worthily and grandly reproduced, and even the difficult Beethoven overture came out almost intact.

Mary Krebs (who is not at all a stranger to America) interpreted the piano compositions on the programme, and that, too, in a masterly manner. There was absolutely nothing to mar the enjoyment of her playing.

On Thursday evening, the Gewandhaus in its second concert, presented the following programme:—

Concerto for string orchestra.....	Bach
Violin Concerto.....	Mendelssohn
Overture—On the Beach.....	Radecke
Violin Solos—Legende.....	Polonaise.....
Sinfonia Eroica.....	Beethoven

The orchestral compositions, as usual, were given in the highest degree of excellence. Beethoven's symphony was the gem of the evening, and what a gem! \* \* \* The Overture of Radecke is a well-written composition, but seems to lack poetical inspiration. The orchestra however, did its best, and it is owing to this, probably, more than to its merits, that it was well received.

Henri Wieniawski, who is also not a stranger to Americans, was the soloist of the evening. The virtuoso in this artist preponderates very largely, so much so that the cadenza of the first movement of Mendelssohn's beautiful concerto had to submit to very material alterations and additions; his own compositions, though lacking genuine musical worth, were well adapted for displaying his peculiar powers as a violinist.

The operas of the week have been Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, Mozart's *Magic Flute*, and Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*. The latter opera was new for Leipzig, and met only with moderate success.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Music in New York.

DR. DAMROSCH'S MATINEES. (From the *Tribune*, Nov. 12.) It was an illustration of the advance in musical taste among New-Yorkers that Dr. Damrosch's third orchestral matinee on Saturday attracted a large audience, in spite of the cold, pitiless storm. There was nothing in the programme to gratify an appetite for sensations, or to pique the popular curiosity; it appealed only to a love of art. The overtures to "Lohengrin" and to Goldmark's "Sakuntala," the two remarkable "Hungarian Dances," by Brahms, which were so much admired at the first matinee, and Beethoven's great symphony in C minor, were performed; the one novelty of the concert was a splendid arrangement for the orchestra by Dr. Damrosch of one of Schubert's "Military Marches," originally written as a piano piece for four hands; and Miss Lillian Bailey, from Boston, contributed a scene and aria from "Dinorah," and two songs of Schubert's. It is nearly seven years since Dr. Damrosch made his first appearance as an orchestral conductor in this city, and delighted connoisseurs by his ability at once as a leader, a composer and an executant. His subsequent career has strengthened him in the high position he then assumed, and has proved that he possesses not only the accomplishments of an artist, but that

fine musical instinct which is a gift of nature, and not the result of study. As conductor of the Philharmonic Society last season, it is well-known that he labored under many disadvantages. In these concerts, however, he has his own way, and he has already imparted to his orchestra the stamp of his own earnest character. A good orchestra reflects the temper and idiosyncrasies of its conductor, and it is curious to remark how exactly this ripe product of Dr. Damrosch's labors confirms the impression made upon us by his first concert, in the Spring of 1871. The peculiar merit of his interpretation of the classical master-pieces then seemed to be clearness of intellectual appreciation and masculine vigor of expression; and there was a hot enthusiasm and eagerness in his temperament which sometimes led him to disregard the niceties of execution. It is the same now, and we had several very striking illustrations of the fact on Saturday. The "Hungarian Dances" and the Schubert March were given superbly. The gorgeous middle portion of the "Lohengrin" Vorspiel was better than the fine drawn harmonies of the beginning and end. The symphony was played with majesty and force, and glowed with an inward fire, in which many graces of touch and tone were fused.

Miss Bailey is a pleasing and pretty young lady, with a good pure soprano voice. She was too ambitious [?] when she chose the air from "Dinorah," and indeed it is not an effective selection for the concert room. In Schubert's songs she gave us great pleasure. They were two of his most precious creations, examples of two of his most poetic styles, and she sang them both with intelligence and feeling. The first was "Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel," that noble and touching dramatic illustration of deep and changing sentiment, and the second was the simple and infinitely graceful setting of Goethe's "Haidelslein." This she was obliged to repeat.

The fourth symphony matinee by Dr. Damrosch and his orchestra yesterday attracted the usual large audience. The first feature of the programme was the overture "Coriolan" by Beethoven. The skill of the conductor and the admirable training of the orchestra were illustrated in their sympathetic interpretation of the magnificent theme. Another feature of the performance was the appearance of Dr. Damrosch as a solo violinist and his rendition [rendering, please!] of an *adagio* and a *capriccio* movement composed by himself. His playing was thoroughly in keeping with the European reputation which has preceded him, and was warmly appreciated by the audience. Mr. A. E. Stoddard sang with superb effect the *scena ed aria* (*Non so donde viene*), by Mozart, and was likewise the recipient of the evidently earnest applause of the critical portion of his hearers. The main feature of the matinee, however, was Schumann's first symphony (B flat). The orchestra yesterday performed it throughout with a fervor and delicacy that met with a hearty response. In rendering the *Scherzo*, with its two charming trios, difficult movements as they are, and requiring the nicest ability, the orchestra showed the result of their admirable practice and reached an excellence of expression which at once marked them as worthy of the highest professional rank. The other pieces played were a *Scherzo* by Cherubini and a minute by Mozart, both for the first time in New York, and Warner's overture to the "Tannhäuser."—*Herald*, 1874.

**MOZART'S REQUIEM.** The Liederkrantz began their season of concerts by producing, last night, at their hall in Fourth St., the whole of Mozart's "Requiem," with mixed chorus of about a hundred voices, quartet, organ, and a band of about forty pieces, selected from the Thomas orchestra. Although this master-work is occasionally heard in a very imperfect and abridged form in our Catholic churches, its presentation in its full proportions and with all the proper forces is so great a rarity, that the undertaking of the Liederkrantz ranks as an important event, and has excited a great deal of interest in musical circles. The performance reflected the highest credit alike upon the club and upon the zealous conductor, Mr. Paur. The choruses were given with dignity and in general with admirable assurance, and the quartette, consisting of Miss Fanny Hirsch, Mrs. Unger, Mr. Bersin, and Mr. Sohst, won great praise by a successful wrestling with unusual difficulties. The music for the solo voices departs so far from conventional forms, and is so strangely unlike the more familiar music of Mozart himself, that good singers might be pardoned for failing to comprehend it, and in saying that these ladies and gentlemen delivered it with intelligence and feeling we pay them a high compliment. Several of the numbers, being especially well done perhaps, seemed to produce a special impression: the splendid quartet, "Tuba mirum;" the touching "Recordare;" the "Confutatis," and "Lacrymosa;" the great fugue—who could listen to such strains without awe? The performance included, not only Mozart's part of the mass, but the three numbers, the "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus Dei," which his pupil, Süßmayr, added, after the master's death, to complete the unfinished work.

The Requiem was preceded by a performance of Beethoven's eighth symphony; a mad chorus, "Im Gewittersturm," by R. Volkmann; and some excellent violin playing by young Lichtenberg.—*Tribune*, 12th.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 24, 1877.

### Orchestral Concerts.

**HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.** The first Symphony Concert of the thirteenth season took place in the Music Hall on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 8. CARL ZERRAHN conducted. The Orchestra numbered the same instruments (8 first violins, 6 second, 4 each of violas, cellos and double basses, 18 wood, brass and percussion), and essentially the same performers; the first clarinet player is changed, and a serious loss is felt in the death of the excellent flutist, Mr. Goering, greatly esteemed by all who knew him as a man and as an artist. The horns and trombones are better than Boston has ever had before, the sweetness, richness, smoothness of their tones, sure and prompt, and well controlled, being a theme of general remark.

The concert opened with a brilliant and truly admirable rendering of Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* Overture; nothing better could be asked for; it gave life and appetite to the whole concert. Then appeared a singer new to Boston and the East,—Madame EMMA DEXTER, of Cincinnati. She is an English lady, and was a pupil of Garcia and of Schira in London. She sang that very difficult and trying Concert Aria of Mendelssohn: "Infelice," etc. That she could sing it all correctly and in perfect tune, in the true tempi and with just conception and expression, as she did, was enough to prove an artist. Her voice is a large and powerful Soprano, mezzo in quality, but of high range, evenly developed, a little thick in the middle tones, but very clear and beautiful in some of the highest; her method sound; phrasing and execution of the best. It was good honest, large, artistic singing. The Recitative was delivered in a good dramatic style; the first Allegro, and especially the swift, scouring Finale: "Invano, invano!" were given with unflagging certainty and with great spirit; and the Andante: "Ah, ritorna, età felice," was sung in good sustained cantabile, although her singing is not particularly sympathetic. One drawback from the effect was the fact that much of the time the voice part runs in unison with the violins, in the middle or lower range, and was covered by the orchestra, leading some to pronounce her voice "insufficient." (!)

Then came the glorious old Fifth Symphony of Beethoven,—the work with which Boston's education in this form of music began—full forty years ago. And it is as fresh now, as grand, as thoroughly inspiring as it was then. It may be called the Alpha and Omega of our short musical life here. And what is there greater? Some feared it would seem hacknied; thought it dangerous to let it be heard again, unless by an exceptionally large and perfect orchestra. But the life and power of such a work are intrinsic, and the charm inexhaustible. You may not always be in the right mood for it; but if you are in a good mood it will bring you round. As another has truly said: "Although some of us may feel a slight disposition to groan at seeing the eternal Fifth Symphony (eternal in two senses) on a programme, the first few bars of the glorious work rebuke our appetite for novelty so soon as we come to hear it." This time it was played with so much spirit and precision, even the scramble of the double basses in the Scherzo coming out distinctly, and the tempi being all rightly taken, that all the old inspiration woke again, and the effect must have been uplifting to the most depressed and jaded spirit; while that lasted it felt as if the far too empty hall were full. In a thing so fraught

with reminiscences, some little circumstances are worth mentioning as not entirely trivial. That little cadenza on the oboe, which lingers on the ear after a grand climax of the *tutti*, in the first movement—near forty years ago it sounded precisely as it did this time,—we never forget it,—and it was played by the same man!

Part II, began with the Concert Overture, in A,—familiar in these concerts, by Julius Rietz, who died on the 12th of last September. It was placed upon the programme in memory of one of the truest and most gifted musicians of our time. It will bear hearing many times more, for probably no finer Overture has been composed since Mendelssohn and Schumann. Mrs. Dexter re-appeared and sang, again with orchestra, the noble recitative and Aria of Donna Anna: "Non mi dir," in *Don Giovanni*. In this she made a still better impression, the music itself being more grateful and more easily appreciated. With all ease, and with clear, bright accent, she struck the high repeated notes in the bravura portion of it, and won warm applause.

The concert concluded with the stirring, buoyant *Reiter-Marsch*, in C, by Schubert, brilliantly transcribed for Orchestra by Liszt. Most of the transcription is happy; but where he gives the opening of the Trio to horns, clarinet, etc., in rather a low register, it seemed to us confused and dull, and would seem so were it ever so well played.

—The audience, as we have hinted, was small,—much smaller than so good a concert, and with such an object, deserved.

**SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE.** The first subscription concert in that most beautiful, most musical of halls, was given on Tuesday evening, Nov. 13, by the THOMAS ORCHESTRA and Master LEOPOLD LICHTENBERG, the young violinist. Old Harvard and its friends rallied in force, prompted by pride in their fine theatre, as well as by a certain quick *esprit-de-corps*, making a larger audience than we have seen of late at similar concerts in Boston. The Thomas Orchestra was just about the same in numbers as last year; but the majority of the members seemed to be new faces; yet the tradition and the spirit of the band seemed well preserved, and the performances of about the same degree of excellence. The programme was as follows:

Overture to the Magic Flute, in E flat major, Mozart  
Adagio—Allegro.  
Violin Concerto, in A minor, No. 22.....Viotti  
Allegro (first movement.)  
Master Leopold Lichtenberg.  
Suite for Orchestra, Op. 4.....Saint-Saëns  
Prelude.—Sarabande.—Gavotte.—Romance.—Finale.

Symphonic Fantasy—Shakespeare's Tempest, in D minor, Op. 31.....Paine  
Allegro con fuoco, Adagio tranquillo, Allegro moderato e maestoso, Allegro non troppo.  
Violin Solo:  
(a.) Air, arranged by Wilhelmj.....Bach  
(b.) Gavotte.....Vieuxtemps  
Symphony in B flat major, No. 4, Op. 60. Beethoven

The *Zauberflöte* Overture was very finely played, the theme of the quick movement being started at just the right tempo, so as to be intelligible, instead of at the hurried, idiotic speed that is too common. We would we could give the same praise to the rendering of the warm and lovely B-flat Symphony of Beethoven, much of which had exquisite coloring and phrasing; but both the *Adagios* were taken too slow, the introductory one even painfully slow. Moreover, even the Thomas orchestra was not quite free from the too common fault of orchestras in executing that little throbbing phrase of two notes, which so marks the rhythm and the character of the second (*Adagio*) movement, and which is finally echoed in the tympani,—i.e., neglecting the exact division of the phrase, making the second note, which should be very short and light, too long, and destroying all its elasticity and right expression.—The Suite by Saint-Saëns seemed to us over-ingenious in its forms and color combinations, rather than of much intrinsic musical importance. It opens somewhat in the same pastoral vein with the prelude to his "Noël," and possibly belongs to the



same early period of his work. The Gavotte is pretty and original; but the sentimental Romance is tedious, continuing long after all its ideas are exhausted.

Prof. Paine's "Tempest" illustration is in the form, if form at all it has, of the modern *Symphonische Dichtung*. We found much in it to admire, but as a whole it was to us by no means so clear and satisfactory as his Overture to "As you like it." We will not trust ourselves to pass opinion on its merit until after further hearing; for, while we might have said much in its praise, when we came to read the criticisms in the papers, and found everything said of it that possibly could be said in praise of Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music,—every quality of musical art, invention, poetry, imagination, as well as "absolute" mastery of instrumentation, etc., ascribed to it, we concluded that we must have listened in a very dull and unappreciative mood,—a state of such insensibility and torpor that we cannot fairly be called on to report. Merit it has undoubtedly; all that Mr. Faine does has merit; but why such superlatives? they shut one up. We may come to see it, but so far we cannot feel that this music is "Shakespearian." Certain realistic allusions it contains, of course, to the elements and persons of the romantic drama; these the common hearer gladly identifies and seizes like the "plums in the pudding." It begins with a storm, which to our mind, was neither realistic nor imaginative; but then one critic tells us that it was only intended as a magician's, a Prospero's storm, a phantasmagoria, what shall we call it kind of storm, and not one of "Nature's grand cataclysms!" This subtle and profound distinction the hearer should have been prepared for on the programme. Then, among passages of grave or tender beauty, where indeed we could think of Prospero and of Miranda, there were salient phrases, like Wagner's *Leit-motive*, to say this is Ariel, Trinculo, Caliban, etc. Ariel's motive we confess we thought not worthy of so delicate a sprite. It was a pert little fillip on the piccolo, and by most was recognized as Ariel. But, to show the danger of such devices, two other interpretations of the piccolo phrase appeared in the morning papers; one critic took it for the boatswain's whistle; and one, as it occurred first in connection with a few chords on the harp, spoke of Ariel's harp and "Caliban's squeal!" We cannot help thinking that the composer would have done better to have kept to his original design of making an Overture, instead of a Symphonic Fantasia or Poem à la Liszt or Saint-Saëns. That might have been equally suggestive and Shakespearian, and more satisfactory as music. But we are open to conviction.

The young violinist, a mere boy, of interesting appearance, played like a man, and like an artist. The Concerto by Viotti in itself seemed tame and commonplace; yet one could listen with delight, not only to the sure, firm, facile execution, but to the full, manly tone, the pure intonation, and the broad style of the young interpreter. Still more interesting was the rich, large tone, the perfect phrasing, and the sustained *cantabile* displayed in that beautiful Aria from Bach's orchestral Suite in D, which, like his master Wieniawski, he played an octave below the original. Clearly he has been well taught, and has a rare intelligence, a rare aptitude for learning.

THEODORE THOMAS, last week, gave, in the Music Hall, the first two of his series of "Six Grand and Popular Subscription Concerts," with the same Orchestra he had at Cambridge, besides the Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartette and Master Lichtenberg, the violinist. The attendance on both occasions was discouragingly small, showing that these are indeed "hard times" for concert enterprises. Here are the two programmes:

Wednesday Evening, Nov. 14.

- Overture, "Watercarrier,".....Chernubini  
Variations: Divertimento in D.....Mozart  
(a.) O flyn, ("Could'st thou but hear,").....A. I. Ahlstrom  
(b.) Swedish Popular Song.....A. Soderman  
Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartette.  
Concerto for Violin, A minor.....Viotti  
Master Leopold Lichtenberg.  
Symphonic Poem, new.....Saint-Saëns  
La Jeunesse d'Hercule—A Legend.  
Overture, "Oberon,".....Weber  
Menuet (String Orchestra).....Bocherini  
(a.) Rosen I Nordanskog, (The Rose of the North).....Fischer  
(b.) Bröllopsdansen, (Wedding Dance from the Peasant's Wedding).....A. Soderman  
Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartette.

- Solos for Violin:  
(a.) Air.....Bach  
Arranged by Wilhelmj.  
(b.) Gavotte.....Vieuxtemps  
Carnaval.....Guiraud

Saturday [Matinée], Nov. 17.

- Overture, "Magic Flute,".....Mozart  
Concerto for String Orchestra.....Handel  
Two Solo Violins and Violoncello.  
Larghetto affettuoso, Fugato, Musette, Allegro molto vivace, Finale.  
Cadenza by Ferdinand David.  
Messrs. H. Brandt, C. Hamm, and C. Hemmann.  
Concerto for Violin.....Mendelssohn  
First movement, Allegro.  
(a.) Aftonrodad, (Evening Twilight).....Schaeffer  
(b.) Norwegian Popular Song.....H. Kjerulf  
Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartette.  
Ballet Music, "Queen of Saba,".....Goldmark  
Solo for Violin, "Legende,".....Wieniawski  
Love Scene, "Evening in the Woods,".....Hamerick  
(a.) Sei Gegrüsst, (Hall, Hall).....Fr. Abt  
(b.) Serenade.....Eisenhofer  
Theo. Thomas' Orchestra.  
Selections from "La Damnation de Faust":  
Evocation, Menuet des Follets, }  
Ballet des Sylphs, } Berlioz  
March Hongroise, (Rakoczy), }

The three Overtures were beautifully played, especially that to "Oberon." Next in intrinsic worth to these, and having for our modern ears the interest of novelty besides, were those comparatively antique works, mainly for string orchestra alone, the Divertimento by Mozart, and the Concerto by Handel. These afforded ample opportunity to show the admirable training, the unity and precision, the fine light and shade of Thomas's strings. The Variations of the Andante in the former are fine specimens of what is truly classical and noble in that kind; only in one variation is the violin harmony enriched by the entrance of two horns. The Handel Concerto is a quaint and sturdy composition, worthy of the old giant, full of happy thoughts developed with a master hand, and with great variety of form. It was admirably played, particularly the vigorous fugue movement. There was more of modern flourish, however, in the Cadenza near the end by David, than Handel ever would have thought of, or have tolerated. The Bocherini Minuet can only be mentioned in this high company as being also old and played by strings alone; the performance was simply one of those pretty tricks of *pianissimo*, by which Thomas knows how to tickle the common ear and fancy, and which is like the painter's drawing of the finest line to show his marvelous skill with the brush.

Of the more modern instrumental school, the newest was the new Symphonic Poem by Saint-Saëns on the "Youth of Hercules," of which the legend, briefly given in the programme, tells that "on his entrance into life, Hercules sees open before him two roads, that of pleasure and that of virtue. Insensible to the seductions of Nymphs and Bacchantes, the hero enters the road of struggles and combats, at the end of which he sees immortality."

It seemed to us to be almost entirely a wild, bacchanalian, sensational affair, with hardly any perceptible turning to the path of virtue; all seduction and intoxication and whirling tumult of the senses; something like the Venusberg portion of the *Tannhäuser* Overture without the Pilgrims' Hymn. Nor was there, regarding it merely as music, the same clearness, the same decided point and charm that was found in his earlier, though hardly less extravagant and wilful works of the same kind. This sort of enchantment soon wears out. Goldmark's ballet music to the "Queen of Sheba" is certainly "barbaric" enough, and that seems to be about all there is to say of it; the first one or two dances, to be sure, have some originality and piquancy; the others go on noisier and noisier, maddening and stunning to the end. Hamerick's "Evening in the Woods" is a sweet, soft strain of full, rich, tranquil harmony, as befits its subject, and was most delicately rendered. The Carnival by Guiraud and the selections from Berlioz, we did not hear.

The ("original") Swedish Ladies' Quartette made essentially the same impression with the Swedish singers we had last year, singing the same kind of part-songs, mostly national, in very much the same way, with very musical, rich voices, well contrasted, exquisitely blended, with pure intonation, fine light and shade and beautiful expression, very spirited and stirring when required. The first Soprano voice is of lovely quality, and the second Alto (or Bass) is of rare power and volume.

Master LICHTENBERG, the young violinist, who grows upon us with every hearing, played in the first concert the same selections as at Cambridge. We still found the Viotti Concerto tame and empty,

while we admired the full, firm, manly tone, the pure intonation, the broad and manly style, the unaffected musical feeling and expression of the gifted boy. In the Bach Aria his large, rich tone and broad, sustained *Cantabile* were worthy of his master Wieniawski, and yet no slavish copy. Best of all we liked his rendering of the difficult Allegro of the Mendelssohn Concerto. That was a task for a mature artist, and yet we missed hardly aught of its fine grace or power; it was truly a finished, beautiful performance, an interpretation. The question of *genius* may be safely left to the future; but that here is promise of a bright career, none who have had the pleasure of hearing him can well doubt.

Chamber Concerts.

MR. PERABO's two concerts (Nov. 2 and 9), drew highly musical audiences, which filled Wesleyan Hall, and were of the most interesting that he has ever given. The artist himself never seemed in finer temper, or more completely master of all his rare powers as virtuoso and interpreter. Each programme began with a couple of Preludes and Fugues from Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord" (Books 2 and 1, Nos. 1 and 20, C major and A minor; and Nos. 12 and 21, F minor and B-flat major), which were most clearly, simply and significantly rendered. The two *pièces de resistance* of the first programme were repeated in the second. These were, first, the fourth Trio by Rubinstein, Op. 85, in A minor, which Mr. Perabo gave once last year, and in the genius and worth of which he seems to have an obstinate belief, with a determination to bring others round to it if possible. We do not find its beauties grow upon us. Its beauties, yes,—but not its beauty as a whole. It has passages of rare, unexpected charm and rich suggestiveness scattered along at intervals; but the finest thoughts fade out before they are developed, and give way to barren wastes of *remplissage*. The first movement (*Moderato*), with much that is fine, much that is full of fire and passion, is strangely fragmentary, disappointing, tantalizing. The second (*Allegro non troppo*) starts as a wild *Scherzo*, wild and lurid as the waltz from the infernal pit in *Robert le Diable*, and then in the place of the Trio gives way to a lovely strain of pure *Cantabile*. The *Andante* is for the most in a tender, deep, poetic vein, but its thought exhausts itself long before the movement ends, and the continual empty repetition of the final cadence is intolerably tedious. The quick Finale reminded us of Schubert in his driest vein.—The other repeated work was Schubert's Fantasia for Violin and Piano, Op. 159, which we once heard the same artists play at Wesleyan. After an interesting Introduction and Allegro, comes the main portion of the work, an *Andantino*, having for its theme his song: "Sei mir gegrüsst," with a long and rich series of variations. The Finale is only a short cut to a conclusion. This work does wear with us.

Shorter pieces in the first concert were: No. 1 of two Character Pieces, (Hungarian) new here, by Xaver Scharwenka, for pianoforte, which proved fresh and charming; and three Moreaux, Op. 11, No. 2, for Piano and 'Cello, by Rubinstein (third time), which were keenly relished.—In the second concert: No. 2 of Scharwenka's Hungarian pieces, in B-flat minor, full of life and charm; and a transcription, by Joseph Werner, for piano and 'cello, of a melodious and tranquil *Lento* from Gluck's "Orpheus," very beautiful and soothing. All the selections of both programmes were most admirably interpreted both by PERABO, and by his associates, BERNHARD LISTEMANN and HARTDEGEN.

Other concerts under this head still wait for notice. But we cannot forbear asking attention to the announcement of Miss WINSLOW, a young pianist, belonging to a well-known and respected family here, who has lately returned from five years of very earnest study in Stuttgart, under the best teachers, such as Lebert, who was Anna Mehlig's teacher. We have heard Miss Winslow and have no hesitation in promising a treat to those who may be disposed to go to Union Hall on Monday evening.

What a Musical Festival costs in England.

We find what follows in the London *Figaro*: The balance-sheet of the Leeds Musical Festival, to which I alluded last week, is a very interesting document, and one to the details of which special attention should be directed. The first item, the charge for Italian opera stars and other vocalists,

has already been fully discussed, and it will suffice now to say that it amounts to £2200, or nearly one-third of the total expenses of the festival. The orchestra took £1780, a charge which, considering its size and the excellent materials of which it was composed, is a very moderate one. We then come to a charge of £1073 for the chorus, and here we arrive at a new point of departure. The chorus for the Leeds Festival were nearly to an individual drawn from the industrial classes. Many of them were mill hands, who worked hard for their bread and cheese during the day, and employed their leisure in practising choral music. To take away these men from their work for an entire week without remuneration would be grossly unfair, and, indeed, the men themselves could not have afforded it. Therefore, those who needed it were accorded a small remuneration, while the contingents from Bradford, Huddersfield, Barnsley, and other towns were, of course, also recompensed their railway and lodging expenses. That this money—not a very large sum, after all—has been admirably invested no one will deny. From an art point of view, the thousand pounds has given us the famous Leeds chorus, a choral body which has been accorded well-merited marks of admiration even by those who are familiar with the best choirs of the metropolis. From a social point of view, it gave these working-men an incentive to seek an ennobling and refining amusement, and if the amount were thrice as large it would have been well laid out in so good an object.

Another excellent point connected with the Leeds Festival balance-sheet is the very small amount spent in administrative expenses. Usually, amateur management implies waste of money. But Messrs. Atkinson and Spark and all concerned appear to have been untiring in their exertions, and thanks to their tact and business capacity, the festival was worked upon the most economical of principles. The entire charge for printing, postage, stationery and advertisements (the last, in unpractical hands, a terribly heavy item) only amounted to £904, while the office rent, clerks' salaries, furniture, and the 5 per cent. commission on the sale of tickets, were only £278. We then come to a very unusual item, the "use of copyrights," which is set down at £113. It appears that out of this, £105 was paid to Dr. Macfarren for the right of production of his oratorio, "Joseph." As an investment it is possible that the item resulted in a pecuniary loss, and the charge is certainly very unusual. In the ordinary course of things, the composer is only too delighted to secure a position in a festival programme for a new work, and he rarely or never is paid for it. He retains the copyright, which is considerably enhanced in value by the liberal advertising it thus secures, and he certainly rarely or never dreams of asking £105 for a single performance of an oratorio. But, although the charge is unusual, there is no reason why the composer should not share with the vocalists the profit which might otherwise accrue to a charity, and perhaps a single performance of "Joseph" was better worth £105 than the singing of all the Italian opera stars and other vocalists gathered to the Leeds Festival was worth £2200.

#### Patti's Girlhood.

Edward Hanslick, the Viennese journalist, writes that while Adelina Patti was in Vienna last spring, he asked her to relate the details of her early life.

"With pleasure," replied the singer. "I will tell you what I know and you may interrupt me as often as you please. That I am no longer a young woman, you know. What is the use of my denying that I was born on the 19th of February, 1843? I am a child of the theatre, like soldier's child; therefore, I have no real home. My father was a Sicilian, my mother a Roman; in Madrid, where they both sang opera, I was born, and I was brought up in New York. Of languages, I first learned English, then Italian, and finally French and Spanish. I was very young when I went to America. My father, Salvatore Patti—"I see him now," I interrupted, "a tall, handsome man, with white hair and black eyes"—"he was a tenor, a good singer, and a favorite with the public. My mother was more than that—she was a great artist. She achieved her reputation in Italy as Signora Barilli, which was the name of her first husband. Admired by the public she even made Grist jealous, who, once put into the shade by her, never cared to appear with my mother together. My step-brother Barilli, a good singer, first taught me to sing, and that too in a thoroughly systematic manner."

"Maurice Strakosch was not then, as is generally supposed, your first and only teacher?"

"Certainly not; Strakosch, an Austrian born in a little Moravian town, came to New York as a young pianist and married my elder sister Amalia, who at that time possessed a beautiful mezzo-soprano, which, unfortunately, she soon lost. He only taught me to sing 'Rosina' in the 'Barber of Seville,' and afterwards when I, a finished singer, travelled through Europe, he went through my parts with me. But let us return to those days of childhood in New York. A musical ear and the capacity and desire to sing were developed in me at an extraordinarily early age, and, therefore, when I was but a little child, I was taught singing by my brother-in-law and piano playing by my sister Carlotta. Carlotta, whom you know, had been educated as a pianist. It was only discovered afterwards that she possessed a voice—one, too, which sang higher notes than mine—and my success as a singer induced her to pursue the same career—only in the concert-room, of course, for she has been lame since she was a child. And thus we three sisters and a younger brother, Carlo Patti, who died recently, lived in New York with our parents, in perfect harmony and without any cares. When a little child I was already passionately fond of music and the theatre. Whenever my mother sang I was at the opera; every melody, every gesture became firmly fixed on my mind. Then, after being brought home and put to bed, I would secretly get up, and by the light of the little lamp enact, for my own satisfaction, all the scenes which I had witnessed at the theatre. A red-lined cloak of my father's and an old hat of my mother's served me as costume, and thus I acted, danced and chirped—barefooted, but with romantic drapery—through all the operas."

"You lacked, then, only applause and wreaths?"

"Oh, no, they were not lacking either, for I personated, too, my audiences, applauded and threw bouquets at myself—'bouquets' which I rather skillfully manufactured of old newspapers. Then bitter misfortune befell us. The manager failed and disappeared without even paying his debts, the troupe dispersed, and it was all over with Italian opera. Our parents' occupation was gone, we were a numerous family, and soon were harassed by poverty and trouble. My father carried many things to the pawnshop, and sometimes did not know how to procure bread for us. But I did not understand anything about such things, and sang from morning till night. My father observed this, and the thought occurred to him that my bright childish voice would save the family from starvation. And, thank God, I did save them. When seven years of age I appeared as a concert singer, and did it with all the pleasure and careless gladness of a child. In the concert hall I stood on a table, next to the piano, so that the audience could see the little doll, and there were many listeners and plenty of applause. And what do you think I first sang? Why, nothing but *bravura* arias; first, *Una voce poco fa*, with the same ornamentations and exactly as I sing it to-day. I had the happiness of seeing the pawned clothing and trinkets return, and we were again living a comfortable life. Thus a few years passed, during which I played and sang industriously with Carlotta."

"Do you know anything else?" the journalist permitted himself to ask.

"Oh, yes; I can make dresses, and know all manner of handiwork. My mother insisted upon it, for the voice, said she, is easily lost, and the operatic stage affords a very uncertain living. In the meantime Strakosch became my brother-in-law, and was connected with B. Ullmann, impresario of New York Italian opera. My ability and my love for the stage had largely increased, and when but a half-grown girl I insisted upon an operatic debut. Ullmann at first objected to allowing me to appear in New York in a leading rôle, for I would not hear of minor rôles. I was but fifteen years of age, in figure a child." ("You could not have been much smaller than you are now," I here remarked.) "Very well; I was really smaller and much thinner, but I was thoroughly conversant with a number of parts and no idea of stage fright. Strakosch, who had great faith in me, persuaded Ullmann, and in 1859, I stepped on the stage for the first time as 'Lucia di Lammermoor.' Rosina in the 'Barber,' and the 'Sonnambula' followed with equal success. The next year I sang in Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities of the Union. My career in Europe began at the Covent Garden Theatre, London. The rest you know."

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Morning Song. (Morgenlied). G. 3. d to E. *Veazie*. 30  
"The yellow chesnut showers its gold,  
The sumachs spread their fire."  
A bright, hearty song, in praise of bright October.
- You are all to me. Russian song. G minor. 4. d to F. *Thobea*. 30  
"Gone my guiding star."  
Characteristic and quaint Russian song.
- My Little Woman. Bass Song. A. 5. A (bass staff) to c. *Osgood*. 40  
"Tis the hand as soft as the nestling bird,  
That grips with the grip of steel."  
A sportive but beautiful tribute to the little ladies. Easy enough, except a couple of vocalizing passages.
- Mother, sit me at the Window. Song and Cho. F. 3. E to F. *Pratt*. 30  
"We but part to meet again."  
Pleasing ballad, in popular style.
- Rappelle Toi. (Do not forget.) (Non ti scordar.) A. 4. d to E. *Kups*. 40  
"Ti pariansi d'Amore."  
"When nightingales sing."  
"Lorsque l'ombre t'invite."  
Do not forget it is in three languages, and uncommonly sweet in either.
- The Badge of Blue. G. 2. G to E. *Dennis*. 30  
"We have joined the Temperance army."  
An easy, sweet and good song. Try it in your meetings.
- He always came Home to Tea. F. 2. d to D. *Lutz*. 30  
"They'd have roasted him you know,  
But he said, 'I must go,  
For I always get home to tea.'  
Perfect nonsense, but funny and good for all that.
- I wont tell any one. B minor. b to D. *Dargomizhago*. 30  
"Faded the flowers."  
Specimen of Russian songs. Quaint and characteristic.
- Speed on. C. 3. b to e. *Roedel*. 30  
"Methinks that I can see afar  
A dove with outspread wings."  
Sweet musical thoughts on the flight of a messenger dove.

#### Instrumental.

- Sweet Bye and Bye. Transcription. Bb. 3. *Hinman*. 40  
The melody, of course, is the very summit of sweetness, and transcription well managed.
- Tales from Home. (Märchen aus der Heimath). 3. *E. Strauss*. 60  
It is by Strauss. That is enough.
- School Girls' March. D. 3. *Giannetti*. 30  
School girls don't march much; but call it a "promenade" and it is very pretty music to step to.
- Sailor Chorus from Flying Dutchman. C. 4. *Spindler*. 40  
Sufficiently wild for the subject, but has the author's neat style of "putting" it. Good practice in octave playing.
- Magnolia Spring Waltz. A. 3. *Wallace*. 30  
A very sweet waltz.
- O Beautiful May Waltz. 3. *Strauss*. 75  
Has the name of a verdant month, but is bright as Autumn's glories.
- Reform Quick-step. Bb. 3. *Minter*. 30  
Very bright and varied, and should be a good thing to enliven reform meetings.
- Flying Dutchman, by Wagner. 4. *Kuhe*. 1.00  
Good arrangement of favorite melodies. Twenty other good ones on the title.
- Evening Bell. Bb. 4. *Mendelssohn*. 40  
A fine piece, composed in a sportive mood and founded on the tones of a little bell, which warned him that it was "time to go" from the hospitable house of a friend.
- Sweetheart's Waltz. 3. *D'Albert*. 75  
The melody of a popular song is introduced. Ladies with Sweet Hearts, and Gents with Sweethearts, will alike be pleased with the music.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is noted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus:—"C. B. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."



